If euer he haue wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy load
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And still as you are a wearie of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King Henries coarse.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you that beare the course, and set it downe.
La. What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarse, or by Saint Paul,
Ile make a coarse of him that disobeyes.
Gen. My Lord stand backe and let the coffin passe.
Glo. Vnmanerd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my brest,
Or by Saint Paule Ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
La. What do you tremble, are you all afraide?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuel.
Auant thou dreadfull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall bodie,
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet Saint for charitie, be not so curst.
La. Foule diuel, for Gods sake hence and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happie earth thy hell:
Fild it with cursing cries, and deepe exclaimes.
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen see, see dead Henries wounds,
Open their congeald mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foule deformitie,
For tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and emptie veynes where no blood dwels.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deludge most vnnaturall.
Oh God, which this blood madst, reuenge his death:
Oh earth which this blood drinkst, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,

Or